AN
INGENIOVS
POEM,
CALLED THE
DRVNKARDS PROSPECTIVE,
OR
Burning-Glasse.

Compiled by IOSEPH KIGHLEY, Gentleman, Clerke of the Peace of the County Palatine of Lancaster.

In this perfection to the Drunkard shewn,
His whole offence, and his due punishment,
Like as the Elephant, his eye may see
To purchase mercy, his deformity.
I wish the sight inuited may sure effect his help,
Repentance and amendment much delight him;
So will the Burning Glasse still surely please
An everlasting friend upon his face.

London, Printed for the Author, and are to be sold at the *Brazen Serpent* in S. *Paules* Church-yard, 1636.

POEMS

CALLED THE

DRYNKARDS.

PROSPECTIVE.

OR

Burning-Glaſs.

To the religious and honourable Lady, *Margaret Hoghton*, relict of Sir *Gilbert Hoghton* Knight and Baronet.

Madam,

I Have made bold to put your name,
In front of this small work of mine;
Your superscription stood in its corner,
I hope will cause some good man look upon it.
It's a design in me I shall confess,
To use your name, and make you Patroness:
That (worthless as it is little you'le say pardon)
And have the splendor of a burning glass,
Which from the eye of heaven borrowing flames,
Shines and illuminates by vertue of the same.
Madam,
In this same trouble you shall finde
Discription of a Drunkard to his shame,
Out of his robes you have him here quite stript,
And naked laid for to be lasht and whipt:
His face is so enwrapped with his cloathing,
That possibly the sight may create a loathing:
And if it is chance our feeble line for to gainsay
I shall not count it labour spent in vaine.

Madam,

Your Ladiships
most humble
Servant,
J. B.

To his truly Vertuous, and right Worthy Mistrisse, *Ann* Daughter of Sir *Gualther Blount*, Knight and Baronet: Wife of *James Anderton* of *Birchley* Esquire.

Mistresse,

BY your faire hand I have made bold,
This little scroll of caution out to hold:
That by the fairnesse of the frontispice,
Many may be induc'd to cast their eyes,
And seing your honoured name, may further look,
To be informed what's within this book.
I doe expect the brand of a black cole,
Cavill, will (if it find none) make an hole.
Me a poore spirited man you might suppose,
Should I affect the suffrages of those.
Let it but in esteem with you prevaile,
And in their Temples it will prove a naile.
They'l blaze but for a while like kitchin-stuff,
And instantly will vanish in a snuffe.

Mistrisse,
Your most humble
and faithfull
SERVANT,
I.K.

To the Right Worſhipfull, united in Candor and Knowledge, *Richard Shutleworth* of *Gauthrop*, and *John Starkie* of *Huntroid*, Eſquires, Juſtices aſſigned to keep the Peace in the County of *Lancaſter*.

Right Worthy,

THus have I now in my declining age,
Adventured my ſelfe upon the ſtage.
With reſolution for to undergoe
The cenſures of the moſt detracting foe.
As *Baalam's* Aſſe his mouth was opened wide,
Even ſo is mine the drunkard for to chide.
Loe, here you have him painted, though ſo ill,
I wiſh him painted by ſome better quill.
Worthies, For temperance you are of all
Your Country-men and Neighbours, principall:
And neither *Rome* nor *Athens* ever hatcht
Two head-pieces more ſound, more fitly matcht.
Oh, doe not bluſh I pray, that I preſent
This worke to you, ſo wiſe, ſo abſtinent.

Vouchſafe it but the favour of your ſight,
Aſſure your ſelves it is no Hypocrite.
And though your knowledge ſentence on it give,
Candor reprieve it, and ſo let it live.
Let it be read I pray in your owne quire,
And through the confines of your Blackburnſhire,
And this prodigious ſinne thus put to ſhow,
May by God's bleſſing for ought we do know,
Both work with our, and after generations,
For to abhor ſuch baſe abominations.

So prayeth your
moſt obedient
Servant

J. R.

To

To the Right Worſhipful, truly Noble, and his worthy Honored Friend and Neighbour, *Roger Bradſhaigh* of *Haigh* Eſquire.

Noble Sir,

THen to your ſelfe, that man I doe not know,
To whom more obligation I doe owe.
You'r bleſt with love of Neighbours; and beſide,
Bleſt with th' enjolment of a lovely Bride.
Bleſt with a faire eſtate, and likewiſe bleſt
With hopefull Iſſue added to the reſt,
Bleſt with a diſpoſition for to live
With decency, on that which God doth give.
Bleſt with the Love of Gentry which reſort,
And want no welcome to your Noble Court.
None can (our obſervation notes it well)
For Hoſpitality you parallell.
Wherefore I do this work to you preſent,
But not as dead mens Corps to th' Church are ſent
For to be laid in grave; but to be read
Amongſt your people, when your Table's ſpread.

That at your plenteous Table none may feed
Not drink, but for refreſhment, and for need.
Nor after Drunkards, or the Gluttons mode,
Their Stomacks or their Underſtanding loade.
Then will your Table not become a ſnare,
Either to you or them (be't round or ſquare)
But God that gives you ſuch variety,
Seeing your temperate uſe, and great ſobriety;
Doubtleſſe will bleſſe and add unto your ſtore,
As to your Predeceſſors heretofore,
And queſtionleſſe, in honour and in fame,
Will ſtill at *Haigh* preſerve the *Bradſhaigh's* name.

Moſt Honoured Sir,

Your moſt obliged,

and moſt humble

Servant,

J. R.

To

To the Courteous and Judicious Reader.

EXperience teacheth that ther's no one thing
Can pleaſe each one; not Parliament nor King.
That each one is not pleas'd with a Protector;
A wiſe *Vlyſſes*, nor a Valiant *Hector*.
That ſome on virtue ſet a mighty price;
And others are as far in love with vice.
That croſſed wickedneſſe will never yield,
But challeng'd others uprightneſſe the field.
To take exceptions is a thing not rare,
Mens cenſures various, as their palats are.
Wiſe *Solomon*, and Prophet *Ieremie*,
Tels me before hand what my wage ſhall bee.
He that a ſcorner doth reprove or blame,
Inſtead of love, t' himſelfe ſhall purchaſe ſhame.
For they will take it as an open wrong,
And ſay, come let us ſmite him with the tongue.
Shall I then ſilent be, and ſpare to ſpeak,
Fearing the cenſures both of wiſe and weake.
Nay, I'll all cenſures ſet as light as cinder,
Ere I the good of one poore ſoule will hinder.
Admit their ſwords inſtead of tongues were moving,
As to *Iohn Baptiſt*, *Herod* for reproving;
I'll ſeek God's glory (as in duty bound)
Although my corps be breathleſſe ſent to ground)

If

If I do ill, no plea can warrant me,
If well, by none discourag'd can I be;
Yet that my selfe and Reader both may be,
From being mistaken and mistaking, free,
I will remove some rubs, levell the way,
And pave a tract to what I meane to say.
'Gainst this discourse what will alleadged be,
My selfe without a Teacher can foresee.
I could both raise and answer to their hand,
All the Objections which they could demand:
Two for to answer I will do my best,
I count it labour lost to name the rest.
First, my comparisons and expressions all,
Some (without doubt) will into question call,
And tearme them light and homely, let such know
We are agre'd, I do confesse them so.
And this I do, presuming that I may,
With his owne sword the great Goliah slay;
And think it best, that Drunkards should be check't,
And argued with in their own dialect.
Moreover to paint out, or to explaine
Their light, lascivious garb, and language vaine,
It were not possible, or to expresse,
In grave or modest words, their filthinesse.
Next; if that any to this vice addicted
Bee with the harshnesse of my stile afflicted,
I wish they would cast their impartiall glances,
Upon these few ensuing circumstances,
And then this pardon I shall surely win;
They'l only blame the foulnesse of their sin.
First, then with me consider (if they please)
The med'cine is but fit for the disease.
Necessity requires, and each one knowes
The knottiest hearts must have the strongest blowes.

And

And secondly, we all may blesse those times
That most discover unto us our crimes.
For till that we to knowledge doe attaine,
Of the disease, we hardly ease the paine.
Sinne to reprove is mercy (this I dare
Boldly affirme) and cruelty to spare,
Thirdly, I wish they would (in manner like)
Think and consider well, that I do strike
Not at the tree, but at the worm therein,
Not at themselves, but at their deadly sinne:
Knowing that I a deadly blow must give
Unto their sins, or else they cannot live.
Fourthly, that no Physitian should be shent,
But the disease, for paine of Patient.
Nor the Chyrurgion, but the wound for sure,
Which he endeavours by all meanes to cure.
Fiftly, consider all is done in love,
And bitter pils do oft most wholsome prove.
Yea, they will suffer letting out of blood,
When they do know it tendeth to their good.
And let them know, these keene invectives are
Drawne up against them, not as men of war;
But shot like *Jonathan's* arrowes, to the end,
Not to destroy but to advise his friend.
Sixtly, what torment it will be to beare
Those judgements which so dreadfull are to heare.
And stand in resolution firmly grounded,
Rather to be converted then confounded.
Then, this ensuing Treatise I advise
Them for to read, but without prejudice.
And though it seem both rigid, tart, and sharp,
Yet it may prove to them as *David's* Harp
Was unto Saul; on which when he did play,
The evill spirit he frighted quite away.

Or as those Messengers that came to *Lot*,
And him out of that sinfull *Sodome* got:
Or as the crowing Cock did mind his fall,
And *Peter* back unto repentance call.
These things considered, I most humbly crave
Him that is knowne the keye of hearts to have,
T' open th' eyes of each poore soule, that hee
His dangerous condition may see.
To blesse this meanes prescribed for their good,
That it may prove to them a lively food.
So to th' judicious Reader's judgement, I
Refer my selfe, and this my industry.
Not doubting but acceptance it will find,
With every honest, well disposed mind:
And as for those of judgement ignorant,
They cannot love that, therefore let them rant,
Assault, detract, asperse, revile, I care not,
String up their bowes, & shoot at me and spare not.

From my study this last of *May*, 1655.

And so farewel.
Thy true friend
J. R.

THE

THE DRVNKARDS PROSPECTIVE, OR BVRNING-GLASSE.

A Drunkard, ſuch an one I take to be,
As not for thirſt, but for the company,
For pride, for luſt, or conſcience to ſtil,
Or for to drive the time away, doth ſwill:
And he to be a creature may be ſaid,
That God in the Creation never made,
Halfe man, halfe beaſt he is, or at the leaſt,
He's one that's born a man, and lives a beaſt.
An humane carkaſſe he may be ſuppos'd,
That hath a beaſtiall heart therein incloſ'd.
His heart is chang'd from man's, and in its roome
A beaſt's is plac'd, *Nebuchadnezzars* doome.
Where other ſins God's Image do deface,
This leaves him not a man's, it is ſo baſe:
It takes both ſpeech and reaſon from the elſe,
And for the preſent robs him of himſelfe.
All ſins whatſoever in a drunken man
Doe meet like Rivers in the Ocean.

He's

He's like the *Swttian Iaffe* in qualitie,
A beast (as Hiſtory tels) whoſe property
Is, when he hath ſome carkaſſe found or game,
Fals a devouring ſpeedily the ſame;
And never feeding leaves, untill that he,
Like Bag-pipes ſtrouted feeles his paunch to be.
And between two narrow trees he ſtraines
Out backward, what his ſtrouted paunch containes,
And ſo being emptied, with al might and main
He gallops to the Carkaſſe back againe;
And fils himſelfe untill his belly ſtrout;
And ſo the ſecond time he ſtraines it out:
And ſo he fils, and empties as before,
Till all's conſum'd and then he hunts for more.
With Huſcian Aſſes you may him inſtall,
Who fed with hemlocks ſo aſleep do fall;
That Country men do oft for dead them take,
Halte flea their skins before they will awake.
Such qualities he hath, no Creature can
For ſhame report him for to be a man.
Like to a Swine he ſwils, kicks like an Aſſe,
Neighs, like a Horſe, at women as they paſſe.
As Beare, or Wolfe, or Tyger fierce, and juſt
Like to a Bull he rageth in his luſt.
As ſubtle as a Fox, can foyſt, and cog,
As impudent, and ſhameleſſe as a Dog.
Sviren for flattery, Aſpe in tongue; and ſtings
Thoſe like a Scorpion that he with him brings.
In appetite a Leech, geſture an Ape,
Nothing remaines of man ſave only ſhape:
And that affrights the more, when as we ſee
A beast in likeneſſe of a man to be.
Yet his condition he doth like ſo well,
He'll not be drawn to Heaven out of Hell.

With

With that his converſation he would change,
He'll ſcorn your counſell, and will think it ſtrange.
For as all uſe of reaſon he hath loſt,
If you ſpeake any, he conceives he's croſt.
His caſe is not unlike in his owne Region,
To his that in the Goſpell's called *Legion*.
Who having been with Devils long poſſeſt,
At laſt was very loath to part with's gueſt.
Yea thought himſelfe tormented, when to ſave him
Chriſt came to caſt them out, he would not have him.
Drink beaſtlizes the heart, and ſpoiles the brains,
Exiles all reaſon, all good graces ſtaines.
Infatuates judgement, underſtanding blinds,
Perverts the wils, and doth corrupt the minds.
It doth ſurprize the thoughts, and it doth all
The powers and faculties of ſoule enthrall.
A man it wholly rendereth unfit for
A private friend, or publike Councellour.
Exceſſe of wine away mens hearts ſo drawes,
Makes them forget both God and all his lawes.
Yea makes men utterly ſo fall from God,
They'r ne'r recall'd by mercy, nor by rod.
For by this ſinne the heart it is ſo ſtenched,
All luſt ſo ſtrengthned and the ſpirit quenched;
That it repentance Organs overthrowes,
And with impenitence doth fully cloſe.
Yea Drunkenneſſe it ſelfe hath ever been
In power ſuperlative to every ſinne. (make,
For Wine, like ſtocks and ſtones doth drunkards
And ſenſe and motion both doth from them take.
That fitly they to Heathen Idols be
Compared, which have eyes yet cannot ſee.
Have hands, and handle not, tongues doe not talke,
Have feet, and yet like dead men cannot walke.

Have

Have eares, and heare not; nay, the truth to tell,
Noses, and (their own vomits) cannot smell.
And if for men they would reputed be,
They are but like that man in lunacie;
Vext with an evill spirit, wherewithall,
Oft into fire and water he did fall.
Whom none could cure untill the Master came,
Though his Disciples did attempt the same.
So brutish Drunkards, through excesse are lost,
And by that fiend from post to pillar tost.
Moses, nor *Aaron*, they cannot endure,
Cæsar nor *Paul* can work on them no cure,
Nor word, nor sword, can make them to decline
Their wicked waies; such are the fruits of Wine.
This an hard saying by some may be thought;
But thus much we from Gods own word are taught.
And I may speak it as a truth most clear,
That corporall torments of ill spirits, here
Are not so rare, as spirituall are rife,
From which no man is free in this our life.
One hath the spirit of errour, another of feare,
Departs from faith to truth, dare not appeare.
A third of Fornication; and the next,
Sore with the spirit of blasphemy is vext.
A fifth, with th' spirit of Giddinesse is led,
Not having understanding in his head.
Some have the spirit of pride, others of slumber,
Envy and falshood doe possesse a number.
All have a worldly spirit: but Drunkards have
Legions of spirits leading to their grave.
For every raigning sinne a Devill is,
And quite deprives them of eternall blisse.
Drunkards are Captives to the Devill, still
At his command, ready to doe his will;

Hee

He is their Father, King, their God, their treasure,
Ruling and in them working his owne pleasure,
He makes them Traitors, as he *Iudas* did,
Puts in their hearts to do what he shall bid,
Like *Ananias* and *Sapphira* both,
Makes them to lye (nay bind it with an oath)
He enters Drunkards, and with one accord,
Makes them to tempt the spirit of the Lord.
As by the Serpent he speaks in them, by them;
Or *Ahab's* Prophets if you doe but try them.
He acts by them, and stretcheth forth their hand,
As by King *Herod* over all the Land.
So that as *Paul*, guided by God you see,
Could say I live not, but God lives in me.
So Drunkards they may say, and fitly thus;
We live not, but the Devill lives in us.
For they so curse, so swear, so skip, so hop.
That questionlesse they have receiv'd the sop.
Drunkards with their own conscience do not 'gree,
But with remembrance of their vices be
Disquieted: And still their thoughts torment,
With feare of some ensuing punishment;
And with the gripes of conscience pinched thus,
Seek out companions boon, voluptuous.
So that to Stewes and Taverns they are given,
And thither as free horses they are driven,
That trot away, need neither spur nor wand,
Let them but see the shaking of a hand.
Nay they are such sworne friends unto the cup,
They'll need no more, hold but a finger up;
They are so ready at the Devil's becks,
They'll post as if they meant to break their necks.
If he suggest the thought, or speak the word,
They'll any mischiefe act by tongue or sword.

If he say slander, lye, they'll doe you'll see,
As fully falsely, spitefully as he.
If he bid quarrell, fight, revenge; nay worse,
Murther, destroy, blaspheme, forswear, and curse.
They instantly obey; and doe begin
To act, as soone as he commands the sinne.

Thus farre I have Drunkards set forth entire,
And think that none can tax me for a lyer.
Now whilst they sit and take the other cup,
I will anatomize and cut them up;
And I will sparingly in this my verse,
But few of their ill qualities rehearse,
Instead of a great number, so that you
May well by them guesse at the residue:
The first ill quality I doe present,
Is, that they think each hour a day that's spent;
Each day a moneth, that they're not at the tap,
Or tumbled downe to take a gentle nap;
Or that their money be all spent and gone,
And credit with the tapster they have none:
And when they have thus lavisht out their store,
They plot and practice how they should get more;
And so they fall to secret mischiefe hence,
Or to an open course of violence.
So that the taphouse fits them for the Jaile,
The Jaile to th' gibbet sends them without faile:
For those that through a Lattice sang of late,
You oft find crying through an iron grate.
Yet this the work of many moneths may be;
But trace them step by step and you shall see,
So soone as to the Ale-bench they are got,
Up comes uncall'd for, every man his pot.

Of

(Of losing of their custome upon paine)
Which being dost, are quickly fill'd againe:
For their attendant hath a strict command,
That the pots neither full nor empty stand.
Thus they each day as soon as they do rise,
Offer to *Bacchus* their first sacrifice.
If you the reason do desire to know,
I will it in a word most plainly shew.
In mornings being sick, to th' jugg they jog,
Each one to take a haire of the same dog
That bit them over-night; And so they first,
Do drunkennesse prepare, to add to thirst,
To qualify the old heate with a new,
By drinking *Savin*, to wash down the *Rue*:
Which is not sin to cure, but sinne to smother,
Heaping up vengeance one upon another.
Or as some Surgeons use to deale,
By deading flesh an ulcer for to heale;
Which to the sore doth give but small reliefe,
But renders them insensible of griefe. (brood,
Through desperate custome hath this viperous
Made others physick their own naturall food.
For they themselves to tipling so do give,
Without excesse of Wine they cannot live.
They drink, and vent, and vent, and drink amaine,
Sellingers round, and then the same againe.
Yea every cup is fast to others wedg'd,
They alwaies double drink, they must be pledg'd.
He that begins, how many soe'r they be,
Looks that each one do drink as much as he;
And he will drink although his face he mars,
Untill his eyes do stare like blazing stars.
And now by that, that these gutmongers brave,
Dubbled their mornings draught most finely have,

And gulped downe each one a many quarts,
As eafy as their drink, upcomes their hearts:
Yea let them get a pot more in their pate,
You'd wonder how confuſedly they'll prate.
Their reſtleſſe tongues do to ſmall purpoſe chatter,
And, like looſe windowes in the wind, do clatter.
As ſick mens pulſes in diſtemper great
Alwaies (but ever out of order) beat.
And in the looſe diſcourſe, which from them flowes,
All ſecrets whatſoever they diſcloſe.
As when Wine purgeth that comes to the brim,
Which is i'th' bottome, and a loft doth ſwim,
Or elſe the veſſell burſteth: Even ſo
Doth Drunkennes vent what the heart doth know.
For if that wiſdome and diſcretion be
Hoops to a veſſell; pray you then tell me,
How ſhould the liquor in theſe hogſheads ſtay,
When that the hoops are taken quite away.
And amongſt Drunkards it's an ancient Law,
For to diſgorge the boſome with the Maw.
When Malt's above the wheat, they are ſo ſtrong,
They il can rule their hands, but worſe their *tongue*.
For that's ſo oil'd with cups, and made ſo bold,
So glib, ſo laxative, it cannot hold.
Drinke turns the key o'th' tongue, and doth unlock
Thoſe counſels all, which wiſdome hath in ſtock.
And drunkards ſeem to be no little proud,
That their diſcourſe is full as lewd as loud.
For as in anger, ſpitefully they rave,
So in their mirth, beaſtly diſcourſe they have.
Their bawdy, ſhameleſſe language in their drinke,
Like gaping Oyſters makes their mouths to ſtinke.
They have more rage then reaſon, if you mark,
Backbite the abſent, at the preſent barke.

Their

Their prayers are curſes, their relations lies,
Two birds that alwaies out of one neſt flies.
Yea Drunkards are ſo barbarous, and ſo fell,
With them no word that's civill, ſavours well.
They belch forth nothing but what beaſtly is,
No rotten ſpeech to Drunkards comes amiſſe.
They ſpeak no leſſe then murthers, blaſphemies,
Rapes, whoredoms, inceſts, and adulteries.
That which from their polluted mouths doth guſh,
A man would think ſhould make the Devill bluſh.
And thus from wicked talking they'r agreed,
To curſed impious ſwearing to proceed.
As you ſhall rarely any drunkard ſee,
But a great ſwearer he is known to be.
Oh, the prodigious fearfull oaths they ſweare,
As if that God were deafe, and could not heare.
The damned language which in drunken fit,
Theſe Ruffines, monſters of the earth do ſpit
Out in defiance of his Majeſty,
And all ſubordinate authority;
Would pierce and wound a heart of braſs, nay make
A dumb man ſpeak, a dead man almoſt quake.
Now when their mouths are ſomewhat ſtopt with pot,
And all that's ſaid or ſworne is quite forgot;
You ſhall have one for very pure love creep,
And wanting ſpeech, in's fellow's boſome weep.
Another takes a chamber pot, and piſſing,
Turns to's companions, and him falls a kiſſing.
A third, like one that halfe his wits doth lack,
With laughter ſets his mouth upon the rack:
A fourth, he ramps and ſtamps, whisks down the cup,
Becauſe the wine's no ſooner brought him up.
A fifth ſits in a corner (him I paſſe)
Nodding and flavering like a drunken Aſſe.

A fixt he kneels ſcarſe able for to ſtand,
Yet makes a ſhift to hold the cup in's hand:
After that, every one that is awake
Muſt ſing his ſong, his inſtrument muſt take.
Inſtead of Harp, then one a knife up takes,
And a quart pot, wherewith he Muſick makes.
Next, in a ſong extols his miſtreſſe fine;
Another ſings the goodneſſe of the Wine;
Another leſſe in meeter skill'd then proſe,
'Twixt wife and him, relates how all things goes;
Where for to heare how they do pawn their lives,
Plot and contrive to charm and tame their wives,
Would make an honeſt modeſt maid to tarry,
And take a reſolution not to marry.
Another he relates how many quarts
His friend and he drank lately neat their hearts;
Another of Religion he doth prate,
(To little purpoſe) and affairs of ſtate;
Another claps his fellow on the back,
And ſweares that he's a dunce that drinks not ſack;
Another gets a candle, where with all,
He ſtrives to ſet his name upon the wall;
Another takes a cole, and ſpeechleſſe reeling,
Would gladly write his mind upon the ſeiling;
Next brags with ſuch a woman he hath been,
Whom in his life he yet had never ſeen;
Another, how demurely he did jet
By ſuch a round head which by chance he met;
Another ſwaps his cap upon the floore,
Quarrels with's friend, becauſe he'll drink no more;
Another ſwears, each one ere they do part,
Shall drink his pot, tell's tale, or let a fart;
Not to drink ſhare, or part before their time,
Is an unpardonable, and moſt hainous crime.

Their

Their Lybrary's a large roome, so full as passes,
Of Pots, Canns, Jugs, Tobacco pipes and glasses.
Rashers o'th' coales, Red Herrings, Caveare,
Gammons of Bacon, and the like good cheare,
To whet their appetites the better up,
And give a relish to another cup:
Together with a Bason and a Jurdane,
To vomit in, and pisse for every Lurdane.
Unto their knowledge now I might proceed,
Whereof to speak I think I shall not need.
For though they think themselves gyants for wit,
The Scripture tels us they are void of it.
And though they brag of judgement, you shall find
Them naught but leather cases stuft with wind:
Alas if any can but break a jest,
He thinks himselfe much wiser then the rest.
Brib'd with a selfe conceit, themselves they flatter,
When all's more sound, then substance, winde then matter.
And were they not both void of wit & grace,
They would be much asham'd to shew their face.
They sit to eate and drink, lye downe to sleep,
Rise up to play; this exercise they keep.
In the warme Sun like gnats they play and sing,
And when they've done, they sit them down & sting.
Drunkards for nothing that is good are fit,
In all the world of earth, the barren'st bit.
Like to a dumb *Jack* in a Virginall,
They have no voice in Commonwealth at all.
They've no more use of them throughout the land,
Then *Ieroboam* had of his withered hand.
The Serpent's speciall venome, makes these elves
Not only work confusion to themselves;
But makes them wit and grace for to reject,
And take delight others for to infect.

Which for to compasse they great toile will take,
Alehouse and Taverne they their study make.
Where all their practice is before they part,
To drinke the feare of God out of their heart;
Health out o'th' body, wit out of the head,
Strength out o'th' joints, and every one to bed.
All moneys out a purse; drink out o'th' barrels,
Wife, children, out of doors, all into quarrels.
The Devill out on's den, land out of quiet,
Store out o'th' Kingdome, and this is their dyet.
Let but an honest, civill, sober man
Fall once amongst them, it's their glory than
To make him drunk: You could not but admire,
How these infernall swil-bowles will conspire:
Like Babylonish Harlot smooth him up,
Make him taste poison in a golden cup:
And as at the division of a spoile,
They'll sing when they have put him to the foile;
Oh, how they will both glory brag and vapour,
That they have had the snuffing of that vapor.
Oh, how they'll wind men in, do what they can,
By drinking healths, first unto such a man,
Then unto such a woman. Then they'll send
An health to each man's Mistrisse or his friend;
Then to their kindreds or their parents deare,
They needs must have the other jug of beere.
Then to their Captains and Commanders stout,
Who for to pledge they think none should stand out.
Last to the King and Queen they'll have a cruse,
Whom for to pledge they think none dare refuse;
Though he be both unwilling and unable,
And be therewith made drunk, cast under th' table.
And thus these tempters wind and draw men in,
To be partakers of their deadly sinne.

Whom

Whom they arest they suffer none to baile,
'Till all their senses, all their members faile;
The most corrupted heart can hardly think,
How they'll triumph o'r others in their drink.
So fast as in a chaine the Devill binds them,
Inthrals, besots, bewitches, and so blinds them;
That they to make each other drunk do strive,
And think themselves the bravest men alive:
If they can prove but Masters of their trades,
And be but call'd and counted gallant blades:
For popular applause in this their strife,
And reputation, is more sweet then life;
Nay, then salvation too: for they had rather
Ride post to hell unto their lully father;
Then of a Puritan to have the name,
So proud they are of baseneſſe and of shame.
Little regarding, whilst thus o'r their friends
They doe triumph, Satan obtains his ends;
Nor minding how they'r overthrown at last,
Brought under's lash, and into darkneſſe cast.
And thus they strive in sinne for to excell,
Not having love of heaven, dread of hell;
Spending their time in follity and laughter,
Not caring what falls here, nor comes hereafter;
Making a trade of sinne, without regard
Of hell to punish, heaven to reward.
They'r never known God's mercy for to crave,
But live as if they had no souls to save.

And thus I have made out, as I do think,
That drunkards not to strength, but lust, do drink;
And that their chiefe delight is to entice
Others to be copartners in their vice.

Making

Making them drink theſe healths, till like a dog
They vomit up their ſhame, or like a hog
Tumble i'th' durt, a ſpectacle moſt ſad
And woefull to all men that are not mad.
For, what more barbarous practice can there be,
Then for to take a pleaſure for to ſee
Others made drunk? as if it were their pride,
The high and mighty God for to deride.
In tempting unto ſin they are ſo bold,
Can fit and temper ſo unto their mould:
Such ſtratagems they have to win the field,
Plots, projects ſuch, as hell can ſcarcely yield.
Their proffers are like to a fowler's ſcrap,
Caſt out not for to feed, but to entrap.
So that if Satan would reſigne his place,
'T ſhould be to ſome of this ſame curſed race.
Now if by faire meanes they cannot allure
Men to their wicked cuſtoms; then be ſure (band,
To give weak brains a drench, themſelves they'll
And ſtrive for to compell by ſtrength of hand.
At leaſt if in their practiſe they do faile,
They'll cenſure, ſcoffe, revile, and at them raile.
Curſe, envy, nickname, ſlander, undermine,
And falſely to accuſe they will combine:
Nay if that over-ruling providence
And Juſtice, were not a ſtrong tower of fence,
If not their ſouls, their bodies they would kill,
In caſe they would not work them to their will.
But now I'll paſſe, and briefly let you ſee
Their outward bodily deformity.
Swollen and inflamed faces drunkards have,
Beſet with goodly chowles, and rubies brave;
Red bleared gogle eies, running with rheums,
Mouths naſty, foaming with offenſive fumes.

Rich

Rich Roman bottle noses, palsied hand,
Great gouty legs, whereon they scarce can stand,
Foule stinking rotten teeth, and beside these,
All cheeks to th' belly, belly to the knees.
Nay question lesse if any drunken asse
Would but behold his feature in this glasse,
A man would think his face he should disdaine,
And ne'r be brought to love himselfe againe.
And they'r no more deformed then diseased,
If to beleeve an Artist you'll be pleased.
For saith *Hippocrates*, the more they are fill'd,
Distempered bodies, the more they are spill'd.
And if from him you further do appeale,
The Prophet *Hosea* sets to it his seale.
Wine and strong drink drown many: In a word,
More dy by surfets, then dye by the sword.
So that the Drunkard out of that drawes death,
Which doth preserve to other men their breath.
Hee a Cow's belly hath; head of an asse,
Diseases of a horse: So let him passe.

But stay awhile, you have not yet heard all;
To drunkards many fearfull chances fall.
Anacreon, in drinking that surpast,
With the husk of a grape was choakt at last.
Ammon was warme with Wine, and highly fill'd,
When he by's brother *Absolon* was kill'd.
Symon th' High Priest, and his two sons, were slaine
By their own brother in a drunken veine.
Great *Holofernes* when he lost his head
By *Iudith*'s hand, lay drunk upon his bed.
The drunkennesse of *Noah*, and of *Lot*,
Those righteous persons, must not be forgot:

That

That by thoſe inſtances of former time,
Wee may obſerve how God abhors the crime:
All ages have recorded ſtories ſad,
I need no more examples for to add.
Moreover, in the nights miſſing their ground,
In pits & ditches many have been drownd, (to creep,
Snakes have been known down drunkards throats
When in the fields they have been laid aſleep.
In their cups many of theſe drunken elves,
Either ſtab others, or are ſtab'd themſelves.
For who will ſooner either kill or ſlay,
Then Cowards when th' have drunk their wits away.
The Devill puts it into Drunkards heart,
To kiſſe at meeting, quarrell ere they part.
Their malice ſo in Tavernes oft they vent,
They are conſtrain'd at Tyburne to repent.
A Drunkard will with his own ſhadow play,
And after-ward with it will make a fray.
Yea as he ſits and nods, do but ſuppoſe
He ſhould againſt ſome poſt but hit his noſe,
He is in his ſtupidity ſo ſtrong,
He'll ſtrike his oppoſite for that ſame wrong.
Then for to make them friends, for drink he'll call,
Which friendly cup begets another brawle.
For whilſt the hogſhead tampers with the barrell,
Whether he chafes or laughs he's apt to quarrell.
And let a man admoniſh him, inſooth
He had as good take a wild beare by th' tooth.
This ſinne ſcornes all reproofe; all counſel's bad,
As goads to them that are already mad:
It may them move to choler and to ſtrife,
But never to amendment of their life.
Now as the Drunkard through exceſſe and ſtrife
Impairs his health, and ſhortneth his life;

Deforms

Deforms his body; ſo it is his fate,
At laſt for to conſume his whole eſtate.
I might here ſhow how wine it doth deface,
Darken the light of nature, and of grace;
But that I think it labour were in vain,
And to repeat the ſame things o'r againe.
It is the funerall (as I ſaid before)
Of all good parts; I need to ſay no more.
Now you may marvell much thus for to heare
The Drunkards odious poſtures made appeare.
But you might wonder more, in caſe I ſhould
Prolixly here relate, what might be told.
For ſeriouſly he's like a putrid grave,
The deeper that you dig, more ſtench you have:
I could you further carry, and ſtill find
More left of him before, then's left behind.
This ſhall ſuffice, leſt that the more that's ſaid,
Do cauſe a great deale leſſe for to be read.

And now that Drunkards thus have ſeen their ſin
Laid open to their view, let them begin
Their lives for to amend, and to repent,
Or hearken to their grievous puniſhment.
For by the Lawes of God, and eke of man,
After conviction, there is none that can
Avoid the ſentence: After ſentence paſt,
Then execution comes; for ſure at laſt,
If a reprieve, or pardon be not got,
Damning or hanging, is drinks after-ſhot.
If therefore there be any unto God
Of thoſe Antipodes, that ſcorn his rod;
That in theſe lines, as through proſpective true,
Of his condition taken hath a view;

Yet

Yet neither ſting nor prick of conſcience feels,
But fixt on earth, caſts heaven at his heels.
Or that hath ſeen in this ſame glaſſe moſt cleare,
The ugly face of his foule heart appeare:
And likewiſe read, how Satan doth delude him,
And from Gods preſence ſeeks for to exclude him.
Yet notwithſtanding, ſtill himſelfe doth give,
In brutiſh ſenſuality to live;
And ſets at light all counſels, threats and terrors,
And doth reſolve not to repent his errours,
But ſtubbornly himſelfe therein to cheriſh;
Let him know this that he ſhall ſurely periſh.
Thus ſaith the Lord, your ſelves you have abuſed,
For I have called, and you have refuſed;
You ſimple things have in your hearts deviſed,
All my counſels, all my threats deſpiſed.
I ſtrecche my hand, and you would not regard,
Therefore deſtruction ſhall be your reward.
And let them know how many ſeverall woes
The word of God pronounceth againſt thoſe,
That at the wine themſelves together link,
And mighty are to poure downe ſtrong drink.
And let them know, the time will ſurely come,
Chriſt ſhall pronounce this fearfull dreadful doom;
Int' everlaſting fire depart from me,
Ye curſed workers of iniquity.
Here without thirſt they drink; there let them think,
How they ſhall thirſt, and never have no drinke:
Yea though the fire be hot, the thirſt be great,
A drop of water, little to the heat.
Know that the fire and thirſt they ſhall abide,
And the leaſt drop of wa[illegible]r be deni'd.
Let drunkards know, and knowing eke confeſſe,
Paul's a true Prophet, *Eſay* is no leſſe.

One

One tels, that 'bell with open mouth doth ſit
For to receive all Drunkards into it.
The other ſaith, that all that curſed crew,
Shall to the joies of heaven bid adieu.
But yet ſome one in fuſtian fume and heat,
Stronger to drink, then *Milo* was to eate,
May chance on this diſcourſe to make reflection,
And ſimply in excuſe raiſe this objection;
And thus may ſay: I challenge any one,
That ſaith that I was ever ſo far gone,
But to my lodging I the way could tell;
And what I ſaid or did, remember well.
No man can ſay that ever did me meet,
I did ſo much as ſtagger in the ſtreet:
Wherefore a Drunkard term'd I cannot be,
Theſe woes and threats belong not unto me.
To him I anſwer; thou no Drunkard art
In outward ſhow, but inwardly in heart.
None in the worlds account, but in affection,
And therefore worthy of no leſſe correction.
For drink's as much abus'd, when every day
It ſteals the affection at it for to ſtay.
As when it makes men think the chamber wheels,
Or turns their heads down ſtairs before their heels,
For in this caſe th' affection and intent,
Is looke upon much more then the event.
The ſonne of *Syrach*'s counſell ſhall be mine,
By no meanes boaſt of valiantneſſe in wine.

Now to the remedies I ſhould with ſpeed
Againſt this vice moſt ſeriouſly proceed;
But I am halfe of mind to let them paſſe,
'Cauſe as a monſter hates a looking glaſſe,

Or

Or as a bankrupt hates the very looks
Of all his creditors and counting books:
Or as sore eies, turne from the light of Sun;
Even so the Drunkard from the bright doth run
Of shining truth, and he doth all men hate,
That would reclaim him from his cursed state.
Th' habituated Drunkard I do meane,
Who is become through custome so unclean;
And hath from goodnesse made such a digression,
Nothing that's ought on him can leave impression.
He hath no power temptation to withstand
But follows any one that puts up th' hand
Unto the tap, to tipple and carouse,
Like foole to stocks, or oxe to slaughter-house:
And there continues, as if to a cell
He were bewitch'd, or conjur'd with a spell:
There he doth roaring, drinking, drabbing lye,
As if a naturall death he scorn'd to dye.
Now though the habituated drunkard be
So deadly sick of this his maladie;
And hath himselfe to drinking so inur'd,
That it's improbable he should be cur'd.
What though that Adder death wil not be charm'd,
Yet that some young ones may be kept unharm'd;
Some Parents, Masters, Magistrates by reading,
May be encourag'd to prevent the spreading
Of this same Gangreen; I have boldnesse taken
To write this treatise them for to awaken.
Now if that any would escape the snare
Of Drunkards, let them have a speciall care,
That in this resolution they prove stout,
To shun the company of the drunken rout:
For there doth luxury, and intemperance reign,
And once got in, they'll scarce get out againe.

Yea

Yea it's an ods, that they can never part,
But entertain uncleanneſſe in the heart.
No man can ſort with Heathens, Pagans, Turks,
But he ſhall frame and learn to do their works.
Conſider well *Peter* his change and fall,
After he came into the high Prieſt's hall.
Nay, you ſhall ſeldome ſee a fellon die,
Or an offender, but this is his cry:
If I had chanc'd ill company to miſſe,
(Ah) I am ſure, I'd never come to this.
Wherefore as *Ioſeph* hearing's miſtreſſe ſay,
Come let us lye together, fled away:
Even ſo take care, that thou away do ſhrink,
When Drunkards cry, come let us goe and drink.
Beware leſt they betray thee with their kiſſes;
When they ſpeak faire, believe the ſerpent hiſſes.

Likewiſe be carefull not for to reſort,
To drinking places, for to play or ſport.
My tongue would bliſter, if I ſhould ſay leſſe,
They'r nurſeries of riot, and exceſſe.
I wiſh I might not ſay, that many are
The Devil's ſhops for venting of his ware;
The very ſinks of ſinne, and common ſhoares
For drunkards, ſwearers, murtherers and whores;
Yea Satan's Throne, where he doth Chaire-man ſit,
Sequeſtring each man both from grace and wit.
Their lands, their goods, their cattle and their ſtocks,
And for their fits, doth order them the pox.
But what of theſe, I ſay I muſt take heed,
Leſt I as *Paul* at *Epheſus* doe ſpeed;
And by ſome one *Demetrius*, be cry'd down
With great *Diana*, throughout all the Towne.

Sirs, by this craft you know we get our wealth;
Though others (as Delinquents) lose their health.

But thus much I conceive here by the way,
As not incongruous, observe we may:
That in regard th' excesse o'th' trencher's not
So soon perceiv'd as is th' excesse o'th' pot,
And th' outward visible effects with us,
Are not so stupid, or notorious:
Drunk'nesse is more ridiculous then it,
And more declaim'd against in holy Writ:
So that (by use) the word Sobriety,
Doth temp'rance now in drinking signify.
Therefore the Glutton's sin is now in lesse
Disreputation, then is Drunkennesse;
Yet as to each th' affection stands; in all
Th' intemperance alike is criminall.

Yet one word more I will presume to add,
Which (if it take effect) my heart will glad.
To you Church-Wardens, Constables and others,
That love the Lord, the Church, the State, your bro-
Your selves, your sons, the people of the land, (thers,
Put forth against this sin your helping hand.
Help, help the Lord, the lawes, some ground to win,
Against I say, against this mighty sinne.
Use all meanes possible for to prevent it,
And if you cannot, faile not to present it.
Say not that he which herein doth offend,
Is such a Gentleman, or such a friend:
But know that he who is offended's dearer,
Greater and better, and unto you nearer.

Or

Or if you needs the Gentleman will free,
Take care, the Drunkard (*He*) presented be.
Or if you please for to let slip your friend,
Be sure the Drunkard to the stocks you send.

But most of all they are to be desired,
And in the name of God strictly required;
Within Commission of the Peace that be,
That they their Countries peace preserved see;
And all their wil, skill, strength and power bend,
This many headed monster for to rend.
Draw these loose teeth (that it may gather health)
Out of the mandable of the Commonwealth.
You may, if you these To-res but disband,
Of infinite distempers cure the land.
Make known your love to God, hatred to sinne,
The zeale and courage that you have within.
Balke none, forbeare with none that do offend,
Untill their sinfull lives they do amend.

Now you have heard the thing that I do aske,
Arise up then, be doing of your taske;
Which if you do, to pray I will not cease,
That you in grace and wisdome may increase;
And know that this to do, if you neglect,
Even he that hath of persons no respect,
Will sutely in his fury and his rage
Your negligence reward with *Ahab*'s wage.

I wish that all men would beware in time,
Of this so odious detestable crime;
Or it will prove at length, they may be sure,
Like to a desperate plague that knowes no cure.

And yet let Drunkards know sins are remitted
Upon repentance, as if not committed.
Peter, his Master Christ did thrice deny;
Paul persecuted him exceedingly
(As thou dost in his members) yet they twaine
Upon repentance mercy did obtaine.
Manasses, *Mary Magdalen*, the theefe
Witnesse, true sorrow never wants reliefe.
Repent, and do not from his precepts range,
And God he will his dreadfull sentence change.
It is a truth to be believ'd and read,
The womans seed shall bruise the serpent's head.

And thou O Father, that alone canst give
Life to the dead, unto their souls say, Live.
To thee no thing is hard; thou canst of stones
Make, and raise children to thy holy ones.
Send down thy heavenly spirit, and thereby
Those dead and stony hearts to mollify,
That they henceforth all deadly sinne may shun,
And be made members of thine onely Son.

And now who e'r thou art; this book is thine,
If use it, if abuse it, it is mine.
Do not thou with the name a quarrell pick,
If that the nature thou doe not dislike.
Books are (as children) oft not fitly nam'd,
For which their Godfathers are to be blam'd.
And though the mold it's cast in may be new,
It brings thee nothing but whats old and true.
I am not mad, to think this book should passe
Without aspersion from some drunken asse:
Some will (no doubt) as Lyons hunger-bit,
Open their mouths against both me and it.

But

But read, consider well, and thou shalt finde
An Antidote for body and for minde:
And if thy shared soule do chance
To be invited unto temperance;
Let not the jeeres or taunts, or scoffs of men,
Cause thee returne to thy ill course againe:
Know that the Devil's Mastives, they will fawne
No longer then they have thy soule at pawn:
But if thou chance out of their fold to scape,
Then they'll begin to bite, to bark and gape.
The poore diseased creeple, it appears,
Lay at the pool full eight and thirty yeares;
And not a man that past in all that time,
Check'd or rebuk'd him for the smallest crime.
But when he was in body and in soule,
By Christ our Saviour cleansed and made whole;
And went resolved for to sinne no more,
Lest worse befell him, then had done before;
It is not lawfull, then the Jewes could say,
Thy bed to carry on the sabbath day.

Likewise we read the Pharisees did scorne
The poore distressed man that blind was borne:
No sooner was he cur'd, but out they sent,
And him and's parents both they did convent.
Whilst *Magdalen* did in her lewdnesse live,
Word of reproofe none unto her did give:
But when with tears Christ's feet she washt, & came
With pretious ointment to anoint the same;
Then for to murmure she a *Simon* kenn'd,
And eke a *Judas*, her to reprehend:
Yea, it's the Devil's drift, and of his flock,
To dash our little ones against a rock.

Vertue to blaſt i'th' budd, and to devoure
Before it grow either to fruit or flower.
Thus *Pharaoh* plotted th' Hebrews for to ſpill,
When he gave order all their babes to kill.
Thus *Herod* (when himſelfe he mocked knew)
Sent forth to *Bethlehem*, all their children ſlew.

Children of men, their tongues like arrowes are,
And with ſharp blades their teeth you may compare,
The Devils murthering pieces for to ſpoile,
And perſecute thoſe that from him recoile.
But they that do their journey leave for ſuch,
Affrighted horſes do reſemble much;
Which ſtart at ſhadowes, trembling for feare,
When that there is no juſt occaſion neare.
It's not for us, for to regard detractions,
Malice of men, againſt our ſelves or actions;
And ſo like Moon calfes at a ſhadow ſtart,
Setting the ſervice of our God apart.
When as we do into God's ſervice enter,
Upon a rough profeſſion we adventure:
We are engag'd the world to ſet at light,
And all its pleaſures to abandon quite.
The friendſhip of this world is meerely gall,
And enmity with God, ſo ſaith St *Paul*.
Therefore we nothing can expect but blame,
At thoſe mens hands, that friends are to the ſame.

It is obſerv'd that when a thiefe intends
To rob an houſe; to bring about his ends,
He firſt puts out the lights, that ſo he may
The more ſecurely ſeize upon the prey:
Even ſo the Devil's imps with one accord,
When as they ſee the ſpirit of the Lord,

In thoſe that once were darkneſſe, do begin
To rouze themſelves, and to advance for ſin;
Seeking all good mens vertues to diſgrace,
By throwing mire and dirt into their face.
What can be lookt for? or what can we find,
But cankred hatred, and depraved mind
In impious lapſed perſons, that do turne
Their ſpite againſt almighty God, and ſpurne
Againſt his image? For it is moſt ſure,
Thoſe that doe turne to God, they muſt endure,
To come much like a grape into the preſſe,
Be ſquees'd, and cruſht, they can expect no leſſe.
They muſt not think to come out of the Whale,
And ſit with *Ionah* in the ſhade; but ſhall
Have ſome foul worm to gnaw the gourd aſunder,
It is a truth, needs not beget a wonder.

Wherefore, who ever entred have a courſe
Of vertuous life; let them reſiſt the force
Of all temptations; knowing certainly,
The Devill never can with ſuch agree,
But ſtill will ploc and ſeek them to devoure,
Although he ſmil'd, whilſt they were in his power.
Whilſt in his pawes the *Lyon* hath his prey,
With it he will both dally, ſport and play;
But if it offer to eſcape his pawes,
Then in the fleſh forthwith he'll fix his clawes.
Laban began to be moſt cruell-hearted
'Gainſt *Iacob*, when from him he was departed,
Pharaoh did fiercely th' Iſraelites purſue,
When they to *Ægypt* were to bid adieu;
Our enemy with malice moſt doth ſwell,
When us he ſeeth againſt him to rebell.

He cares but little those for to moleſt,
Of whom he finds himſelfe fully poſſeſt.
Great *Oloſernes* ne'r did evill thing
To them that willing were to ſerve his King:
Such as are void of vertue, are not barr'd
From egreſſe regreſſe through the Devil's guard.
But ſuch as treaſure grace, and do begin
For to decline the waies of death and ſin;
Such as againſt his fierce encounters fence,
He doth aſſault with all his violence;
His battery he plants againſt that foe,
And all his engines him to overthrow.
Courage your ſelves, his bullets they may clatter;
But all his engines are too weak to batter.
The Lord he will a *Moſes* ſtill befriend,
And againſt *Aaron*, *Miriam* him defend.
Againſt a *Judas* Chriſt he will engage,
And on him take *Magdalen's* patronage.
If men oppreſſe them, creatures without ſence,
Will witneſſe truth, and fight in their defence;
If the Iſraelites before a *Pharaoh* fly,
The ſea'le divide, and make a paſſage dry:
The Lyons hunger-bit, cruell and fell,
Meek lambs will prove unto a *Daniel*;
And God will ſend an Angell for to ſhut
Their mouths, when he into their den is put.
Ravens will feed *Elijah*: God will bleſſe
The widowes meale and oile from being leſſe;
Him and her ſelfe, and ſon for to maintain,
Untill the Lord be pleas'd to ſend down raine.
Although the King command to bind and throw
A *Shadrach*, *Meſhech* and *Abednego*
Into the fiery furnace, yet they ſhall
In preſence of the King and Nobles all,

Walke

Walke in the flame, and them it ſhall not touch,
The Angell of the Lord preſerveth ſuch.
Be valiant then, in righteouſneſſe begun,
And thou ſhalt ſhine in brigheneſſe like the Sun.
So unto thee this book thus rudely penn'd,
And it and thee to God I do commend.

Deus tibi ſit: Tute Deo.

J. Rigbye.

To

To my much esteemed Friend and Parishioner, Major *Ioseph Rigbye*, upon his sober Satyre against the Epidemicall vice of Drunkennesse.

SOme old Philosophers did say
One Soule inspires each lump of Clay;
Yours and grave *Withers*'s parallell veine,
Their dead conceipt revives againe.
Great Britain's lost remembrancer
May find his voice new ecchoing here?
His verse the plague's pale visage drawes,
And yours soule drunkennesse the cause:
And truth to say, 'tis hard to guesse
Which plague's the greater, which the lesse;
Which of the two's contagious breath,
Has more betrai'd to grisly death.
Then seeing two Christian sons of warre,
Are met in one from distance farre;
Cashier'd the sword, embrac'd the pen,
In pity to the souls of men;
To free by pious exhortation,
The sin-sick Captives of this Nation

From

From Hell's devouring jawes, or make
Pure soules their company forsake.
Let but our vice-Antagonist,
Enter with fortunate arms the list
'Gainst this foule monster's first borne son,
Mad swearing: (Who it first begun)
Was Tavern-Bedlam, Lord or Knight,
In drunken mood and beastly plight;
And his vile flatterer man or swain,
To please him swore and curst amaine:
Thus worshipping the calfe of gold,
T' affront th' high'st rude men are bold.
Let but our Christian Champion slay
This proud *Orgoglio*; then we'll say,
Let the great *Alexander* cease
T' extoll his conquests, lesse then these:
Let *Cæsar's* proud triumphant Bayes
Bow down, while we your trophies raise:
Let *Hercules* labors silent be,
Yours live to immortality.

Ch. Hotham.

To

To my much Honoured Friend Major *Ioseph Rigbye*, Upon his Drunkard's Prospective or Burning-Glasse.

METhinks in this prospective I do ken
A troop of Monsters, not of Christian men.
Monsters, such as all *Africk* never bred,
Men and yet beasts, living and yet stark dead.
Wast thou *Apelles* scholar, or e'r saw
The Prince of Painters his quaint pieces draw;
That thus the Drunkard's shape unto our eye,
In lively pourtraicture thou dost descry?
Was thou e'r at *Lacedemonian* Feasts,
Where slaves us'd to be made as drunk as beasts,
On purpose that their children they might fright
With th' odious view of such an ugly sight?
Or didst thou live when as the Roman State,
Their Bacchanalia us'd to celebrate?
Or where e'r sawst thou drunkards feature, that
Thine active pencill it should hit so pat?
It is a paradox that dead men, Thou
Shouldst set out to the life thus; I avow:
And it is rare how the same draught should be
A night and day piece both, as this we see.
Did old *Rome* flourish, or the Spartan glory,
Thy name should be eterniz'd in their story,

For

For thus chaffising with thy nipping pen,
The shame of Nations, bane of morrall men?
Is't not most shamefull Christians should strive,
Painim and Pagan Gods for to revive?
Bacchus an Idol old and exolete,
Is now become a Diety compleate.
See how he's worshipt, see how his throng train,
Each where do cry him up, their God amaine.
Taverns his Temples, daily multipli'd,
While great *Iehovah's* would be set aside.
Tables, his Altars, Indian thus perfumes,
I meane Tobacco: While each one presumes,
God's sacred Incense to extinguish quite,
And make it yield to their Idolothyte.
And his Church-musick, filthy blattering songs,
Still canted out by the unhallowed tongues
Of drunken rimers; men profane forlorne,
God's sacred praise in Psalms must be forborne.
His tallow tapers burn both night and day,
Gods must go out: And most men dare to say,
They are but dead and useless stinking snuffe,
Preachers I meane: Is not here goodly stuffe?
Flat Atheisme sure doth farre excell
This Deity, call'd back from th' lowest hell.
Well acted then friend the Lay-Preachers part,
To lance this pest with lines so sharp and tart.
Her-bert. This verse may him catch that sermons flies,
And turne delight into a sacrifice.
And of all gifted brethren thou shalt have
By my consent, the Laurell to thy grave.
Thus pithily Gods cause to plead and cleare
By exercise, out of the Preachers speare.
When I behold a bezeling dead drunk crew
Of Miscreants; methinks ther's in my view

The

The liveliest emblem of the loweſt pit,
That can be ſeen except one goe to it.
God's wrath is ſtil'd wine of aſtoniſhment,
Which on condemned ſouls hath its full vent.
The Drunkards wine when it doth ſo inflame,
Doth it not clearely repreſent the ſame?
When as I ſee them ſwell on the Ale-bench,
Bellow, blaſpheme, and wallow in the ſtench.
Hell's nothing elſe I think: Or if not it,
Yet ſure it leades to that infernall pit.
Well may we then conclude, the drunken ſot
Muſt pledge himſelfe in fire and brimſtone hot.
It is moſt ſad, and yet moſt true, they'll find
Two hels; one here, another yet behind.
May this thy burning glaſſe the conſcience ſcorch
Of Drunkards, while they are yet in the porch
Of hell; and ſo moſt happily ſuſpend
Direfull infernall flames world without end. *Amen.*

So ſingeth and prayeth
Your reſpectfull friend,
John Tilſley, Paſtor of
Deane Ch. *Lancaſhire.*

To

To my worthily esteemed Friend, Mr *Joseph Rigby*, upon his Drunkards Prospective.

Sir,

TO need no friends, t'have friends in need,
Both good: for This y' have friends indeed:
This will immortalize, when read,
Your fame; advance your bliſſe when dead.
This will I *hope* the grave controll,
And prove yours *is* an heaven-born ſoule.
In this glaſſe purblind eyes may ſee
Drunkards not men, but monſters be,
Dead, yet alive; of humane kind
The ſcab, the ſhame: Alſo I find,
Them voluntary Damons ſtil'd;
Even hell it ſelfe's with them defil'd.
Thither their ſouls ride poſt to burne,
Leaving their partners in the urne:
I may enlarge my creed, and tell
My flock, the world; Beaſts go to hell.

Chriſ. hom. 57. t. 2. Νηχεῖε ἐστι ἐμφορᾶσε ὁ μεθύων καὶ οὐ δύναται ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς ἰσῶς ἐπιβῆναι ἀσφαλῶς. Νηχεῖε ἐστι ἐμφορᾶσε ὁ μεθύων καὶ οὐ δύναται ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς ἰσῶς ἐπιβῆναι ἀσφαλῶς.

Patmos for ſuch ordained is,
Or *Philip's* Poneropolis.
Could they command that Golden ore
On *Tagus* or *Paſtolus* ſhore,
Moſt precious pearles, the Indian Mine,
Or thoſe rich Diamonds that ſhine

As ſtarrs of the firſt M. Theſe elves
Would gulch all downe, and damne themſelves.
What vice more vile, ſpeak if thou canſt,
That beaſtlines and ſo much vnmans?
Ethnicks abhor it, and ſhall I
Tipple, like German fots, then dye.
Our age (like *Auguſtins*) Synods needs
T' extirpate theſe peſtiferous weeds.
This may conduce much to ſuppreſſe
Theſe *Swetian Ierſi* and drunkenneſſe.
From which the Apoſtate Angels be
(Spirits they are and therefore) free.
Zeno, *Anacreon*, *Childerick*,
And that Revergnian Catholick.
Alexander, *Philoſtrates*,
Bonifus and *Clemenes*,
Were they alive to read this book,
On ſparkling cups would ne'r more look,
In war, your fortitude and skill
Appear'd; in peace your learned quill
Proclaims with lively voice your parts
Not meane: ſcope good, good lives and hearts.
Leſſius his rules for temperance,
Him to eternity advance.
Yours you: I 'ave read, practis'd, and find
A healthfull body, and ſound mind.
As *Grotius* ver's'd at eighs years old,
So you at *Eaton* (as I'm told)
Where *Chryſoſtom*'s tome to preſſe you writ,
As *Savile* had collected it.
Your ſtraine is plaine; ſweeter to me,
Nutmegs gilded rotten I ſee.
Magnetick vertue ſure here lies,
It ſo attracts my heart and eyes.

Whilſt

Whilſt ſome are toxicate with wines,
I'm jealous leſt I with your lines.
As *Bellarmine* of *Kempis* ſaid,
As often new as it is read.
Every morne grave *Seneca*,
Deem'd the world new, with the new day;
And I your work; the drunkards cup
And character, *This Glaſſe* makes up.
Salvius Otho had a glaſſe
(*Suetan* reports) in which his face
Each houre he view'd, to keep it free
From ſpots: *This* ours from Anomie.
'Tis writ that *Boleſlaus* King
Of *Poland*, ever had a thing,
His fathers portraicture in's eye,
Which kept him from Ebriety.
Let this your (*Vade mecum*) bee
Bequeath'd to your vive progeny,
With your paternall bleſſing; then
They'll not prove monſters, but good men;
Better enough then all: 'tis ſuch,
Leſſe were too little, more too much:
I'll ſay no more; I could no leſſe,
Writer, reader, writ heavens bleſſe.

So prayeth Your reall

and cordially reſpective

Friend, *James Liveſay*,

Miniſter at *Chow-bent*

Lancaſhire.

To my Noble Colonell; *Joseph Rigbye*, Now Clerke of the Peace, for our County Palatine of *Lancaster*.

THY worth for to set forth, I do forbeare,
I know thou lov'st not thine own praise to hear;
This truth I hope will not offend to tell
Thou'st been my Captaine, Major, Colonell.
And I my selfe have seen thy manly parts,
Strike courage into all thy souldiers hearts.
Thy Glasse revives thy fame, and still makes us
Call thee our *Magnus, Major, Maximus.*
For here thou pictur'st nothing with thy pen,
But what thy cane did print upon thy men.
Long mai'st thou live in Peace, who hast so far
Adventured thy selfe in time of war.
And let him lose the love of *John a Gant*,
That shall unjustly seek thee to supplant.

Thy meanest, yet faithfull Servant,
expecting (as heretofore) but the
word of command, *Humphrey Mainbem.*

To his his true beloved Friend and Kinſman Mr *Ioſeph Rigbye.*

IN ſpite of envy and illiterate pride,
Thou ſtand'ſt by noble judgements juſtifi'd.
Behold, the ſword extols thee, and the pen
Of honoured, learned, young and ancient men,
Rings forth thy praiſe; That more for to relate
Their ſuffrages were to prejudicate.
Obſerve the order of thy ſpirituall guide,
And make mad ſwearing his drunk fyre beſtride,
And ſtagger both to hell; and with the club
Thou bang'd the fyre, cudgell that ugly cub;
He's ramping mad to ſee his fyre thus bang'd,
And ſwears he'll kill and ſlay, though he be hang'd,
Nay damned too: And in this bloudy rage,
He dares thee to the clod for to engage.
Charge this Orgoglio, drunken Cyclop's ſon,
Daſh out his brains, and then thy work is done.
Advance I ſay once more, reſume thy Club,
And ſend both brat and ſyre to Belzebub:
There let them roar and ſwear, and drink and ſpew,
Such as their Grand-dam Proſerpin doth brew.
The taſk's not great, if thou'l but add a will
To thine approv'd ability and skill.

Thine in any expedition
againſt impiety, *Ja. Rigbie.*

To his worthily honoured Friend, Colonell *Joseph Rigby*.

Colonell,

BEhold thy burning Glaſſe casts ſuch a light,
That Drunkards daz'led run and loſe their ſight;
But thy Proſpective ſhews men how to ſhun
The Drunken rout which way ſo e'r they run.
I once rejoic'd with thee to ſerve the ſtate,
And now thy works to read and contemplate.
In war thy flying colours they did ſhew,
The way to vanquiſh and ſubdue the foe,
In peace, thou ſtrik'ſt alarums to the times,
To purge the earth of its moſt horrid crimes.
March on then Major, and my prayer ſhall bee,
In chaſe of vice great troopes may follow thee.

Ch. Carr.

FINIS.